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AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

The Old Grist Mill.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

The grist-mill stands beside the stream,
With bending roof and leaning wall;
So old, that, when the winds are wild,
The miller trembles lest it fall.
But moss and ivy, never sere,
Bedeck it o'er from year to year.

The dam is steep, and wooded green;
The gates are raised, the waters pour,
And tread the old wheel's slippery steps
The lowest rounds for evermore.
Methinks they have a sound of fire,
Because they cannot climb it higher.

From morn till night, in autumn-time,
When yellow harvests load the plains,
Up drive the farmers to the mill,
And back anon, with loaded wains;
They bring a heap of golden grain,
And take it home in meal again.

The mill inside is dim and dark,
But, peeping in the open door,
You see the miller fitting round,
And dusty bags along the floor;
And by the shaft and down the spot,
The yellow meal comes pouring out.

And all day long the winnowed chaff
Flutters round it on the sultry breeze,
And shinneth like a settling swarm
Of golden-winged and belted bees;
Or sparks around a blacksmith's door,
When bellows blow and forges roar.

I love my pleasant, quaint old mill;
It 'minds me of my early prime;
'Tis changed since then—but not so much
As I am—by decay and time.
Its wheels are mottled from year to year,
But mine all dark and bare appear.

I stand beside the stream of life;
The mighty current sweeps along;
Lifting the floodgates of my heart,
It turns the magic wheel of song,
And grinds the ripened harvest, brought
From out the golden field of thought.

"Where have you been this week?"
"Fishing."
"Catch any thing?"
"Yes, a cold."
"Where were you last night?"
"Ducking."
"Get any?"
"Yes, one."
"Where?"
"In the river."
"How?"
"Tumbled in."

It is stated that of five hundred and forty young ladies who fainted last year, more than one half fell into the arms of gentlemen.—Only two had the misfortune to fall on the floor; and they were very ugly.

At a recent celebration of the Young Friends of Ireland, the following toast was given: "Woman—She needs no eulogy; she speaks for herself."

The following is one of the toasts given at the celebration of the Fourth of July, out West: "American youth—May their ambition reach as high as their standing collars."

A CURIOSITY.—Mr Jacob Sandoe, of Menallen township, has a hen, that, in the past year, has laid 130 eggs—the last one of which he had the curiosity to measure owing to its great size. It measured 8½ inches by 7; and when broken, contained inside another perfect egg, 6½ inches by 5¼—the space between the two filled with the customary albumen—no yolk!
Adams county Sentinel.

A Curious way to sell a Cow.

The Springfield, (Mass.) Republican, says that D. D. Warren, of this city, has recently sold a cow to Wells P. Hodgett, on the following curious terms. Mr. Warren is to feed the cow for thirty days, and Mr. Hodgett, is to give at the rate of \$10 a quart for the milk which she averages over sixteen quarts per day, for the whole thirty days. Thus, if she averages only sixteen quarts a day, he is to give nothing for her. If she averages twenty quarts, he is to give \$40, and if twenty-five quarts, \$90. It is not at all unlikely that he may do the latter.

The Persians have a saying that 'ten measures of talk were set down upon the earth, and the women took nine.'

The Millerites have fixed upon May 19, 1854, as the date of the destruction of the world. They say there will be no mistake about it this time.

"Cut, Cut Behind!"

BY JACQUES.

Walking over Hanover st. one fine day I saw just before me, one of Hawthorn's coaches rattling up the street, while in the rear of it two ragged urchins, breathless with haste, were racing for dear life after the coach to catch up and secure a ride.

Pretty soon the smaller of the two was fortunate to gain the coveted seat on the step, and rode off, gleefully chuckling at his less fortunate playmate, who retreating to the side walk, at once vociferated—"Cut, Cut behind!"

The driver's cruel lash curled around and cut the cheek of the little fellow on the step, and screaming with pain he dropped off, while the envious little wretch who had been the means of this, set up a derisive shout of laughter, and vanished around a corner. Whereat, I moralized. Behold, thought I, a perfect illustration of some men's petty games of life? See here, an exemplification of his jealousy and revenge. The boy who did not get a ride, might have been willing to share his ride with his mate, but he did not get the chance, and so, because he did not, and his comrade did, he straightway revenged himself on fortune by depriving his more fortunate fellow of his enjoyment.

And when I see a young man whose idleness and inactivity, or lack of perseverance and application have made him unsuccessful in life, degrading the merits of others, doubting their efficiency, and endeavoring to prejudice the minds of others against them, and because they are so successful, I straight betwix me of the boy who called out—"Cut cut, behind!"

When I see an unsuccessful candidate for public office maligning, or at best, speaking coldly of the character and qualification of his rival—impugning his motives and artfully endeavoring to poison the minds of the people who uphold him; when I see such a man covertly working to secure the ultimate downfall of his late antagonist, on merely political grounds, I am irresistibly reminded of the well known cry—"Cut, cut behind!"

When I see vulgar illiterate persons laboring to drag back to their own level such of their past associates as may have been fortunate enough to rise to a more elevated sphere of life; when I see such endeavoring to blast the character of their more ambitious and high minded brethren or discourage their efforts by, sneers, sarcasm, and ridicule, and therewith affect their present standing, I feel that they too have been giving a lesson to the urchins that cry—"Cut, cut behind!"

When I see an editor who has got the worst of it in a long race for public favor attempting to cry down the deserving features of his more fortunate rival, when gangrened by jealousy, and smarting with defeat, he tries to "compensate" for victory by traducing and slandering his competitor, I think at once that he is crying in another form of speech—"Cut, cut behind!"

In short, whenever and wherever I see honest endeavors retarded, and discouraged; when I see patient merit made to falter and to faint by reason of the bare opposition of envy, and detraction I seem to hear again ringing in my ears, the breathless cry of—"Cut, cut behind!"—
Yankee Blade.

Great Havoc by Dysentery.

We regret to learn that the Dysentery is prevailing to a fearful extent in Buffalo township, in this county. We are informed in the Gordon family, in that township, there have been 5 deaths, since the 9th instant. On Friday, the 9th, at 8 o'clock, Mary Gordon, died, and on the same day, between two and three o'clock, Jane Gordon, sister to Mary, died, both of whom were buried on the next day in one grave. These ladies were quite aged. On Wednesday, the 13th, Robert Gordon, aged about five years, died, and was buried on Wednesday; on the following Thursday, his uncle, James Gordon, aged between sixty and seventy years, also died of the same disease, and was interred on Friday; and on Saturday last Jno. Gordon, father to Robert, mentioned above, died, aged about 65 years.

At present two of the family are confined to their beds, one of whom is hardly expected to live. Some of those above alluded, died very suddenly, having had the dysentery but a few days when it terminated fatally.—Washington Commonwealth.

"Do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?" said a brother Judge to Curran.—"Nothing but the head," he replied.

The admission to the Crystal Palace is to be reduced hereafter, on Saturday's, to 25 cents, to give the laboring classes a chance.

TAXPAYERS, OF ALL PARTIES! READ AND REFLECT!!

Col. A. K. McClure's Speech.

The Juniata Sentinel publishes the Speech of Col. A. K. McClure, the Whig candidate for Auditor General, delivered before the State Convention at Huntingdon on the 25th of August last.—We are quite sure that nothing we could publish would give greater satisfaction to our readers, but its length compels us to content ourselves with laying before them that portion of it relating to the management of our Public Works, to which we invite their careful attention. Col. McClure, makes a truthful but startling exposure of the manner in which those works are managed. The subject is deserving the most serious consideration of the people.

"But it is not only our national policy that retards our progress. Powerfully as it has contributed to that end, we have been cherishing a State policy that has been no less fruitful of injury. Our State administration, which came into power pledged to economy and reform, seems to have no higher ambition than to swell our indebtedness. It must grate harshly upon the ears of those who repudiated the eminently successful administration of Wm. F. Johnston, when they are told that their great champion of retrenchment is likely to increase our State debt at the rate of a million a year.—Nearly his first official act was to sign a bill for a loan; and at this time, with nearly half his term before him, the loans he has sanctioned amount to nearly \$3,000,000! I grant that this amount has not been added to the funded debt of the State, for \$1,000,000 was borrowed to pay \$1,000,000 of debt; but when it is remembered that nearly all of the balance is to swell our enormous indebtedness, tell me how the bold professions of the Administration are to be reconciled with its official acts. It will not do to say that Gov. Bigler and his party have merely "anticipated the revenue" until we have FORTY-TWO MILLIONS of debt upon our shoulders! And nine times out of ten, when our administration modestly demands that our revenue be anticipated, the plain English of the request is, MORE DEBT! Nor is the end of the chapter yet visible. The North Branch Canal is yet unfinished, and the Allegheny road is just commenced. Both are in the hands of the Democracy; both have been used to reward political merit with regard to cost, and when both are completed, our debt must be swelled from three to five millions under present management.

If our public improvements would justify this outlay, and give reasonable assurance of remuneration, even that I would not be prepared to approve an increase of our debt; but when I consider that our improvements have ceased to be a source of revenue and that they are claimed and used by the Democracy solely for personal and political aggrandizement, I could wish that I had a voice like thunder to protest against it. Let us glance at our public works. Our present debt of \$42,000,000, as appears by the records, dates its foundation about 1821, when public improvements became the order of the day. That it has been incurred principally in the construction and maintenance of our public works, is not to be denied; and what has been our revenue? The interest on our debt, at five per cent, is over \$2,000,000, and our improvements have for the first time yet to nett us half that sum. That they might yield a million or more, I am fully persuaded; but under the present system of management they are a curse to the State. Prior to 1848 as far back as I have examined the official records our public works were kept up at a cost ranging from \$600,000 to \$700,000 per annum. Since then they have never required less than \$1,000,000 annually, and some times they have cost us over \$2,000,000. I will give the revenue and expenses for the last five years.

1848. Total Revenues,	\$1,550,000
" Expenses,	1,025,000
Balance over expenses	525,000
1849. Total Revenue,	1,600,000
" Expenses,	1,000,000
Balance o'er expenses,	600,000
1850. Total Revenue,	1,700,000
" Expenses,	1,500,000
Balance o'er expenses,	200,000
1851. Expenses,	1,900,000
" Total Revenue,	1,700,000
Balance o'er Revenue	200,000

1852. Expenses,	2,300,000
" Total Revenue,	2,000,000

Balance o'er Revenue, \$300,000
By this official statement, taken from the Annual Reports of the Auditor General, we see that during the last five years, our public improvements have yielded to the Commonwealth an aggregate of only \$825,000, or about \$165,000 per annum; which would not pay the interest on \$3,500,000 of our State debt at 5 per cent. It is true that during the years '51 and '52 a little over a million was appropriated to the N. B. Canal, which if deducted from the expenses would leave \$500,000 of revenue instead \$500,000 of excess expenditures; but a singular feature in the statement of expenditures presents everything in confusion, and renders it impossible to do exact justice to the subject. Since the cost of maintaining the public works has been increased so alarmingly, certain expenditures are withheld from the public each year, and crowded into subsequent statements in the most vague and unsatisfactory manner!—Take, for instance, the year 1850, which appears, according to the Auditor General's Report, as yielding \$200,000 from the public works above expenses; but in the Report for '51, we find over \$900,000 in the statement of expenses for that year, as having been paid for debts "prior to December, 1850!" So a true statement for '50 would have shown that the expenses for that year were \$700,000 more than the revenue! Turn again to the report for '52, and we find \$970,000 paid for "sundry expenses incurred prior to 1850 and 1851!" This swells the expenses for 1850 to \$2,400,000 of revenue. And when the Auditor General was made to report a net revenue of \$200,000; and for the year 1851 it makes an actual outlay of \$1,970,000, exclusive of the \$900,000 saddled on it for the previous year. And what of 1852? Who can tell whether a million will cover the expenses reserved for some future statement? or who can say that there are not several millions of floating debt yet unknown to our official records, which has been contracted for our public works?—The managers of our improvements were afraid to let the cost for the year '50 come before the public in one year, or even two years, for we find in the statements for both '51 and '52 sundry expenses paid for that year. And may there not unsettled accounts still back '51?—at least what assurance have we that all the expenses for '51 and '52 have been paid? But to take the very best face this matter can present, we can arrive at no other conclusion than that, independent of all extraordinary appropriations for prosecuting new works, our public improvements are sinking the Commonwealth every year deeper and deeper in debt! Notwithstanding the mystery in which the reports are purposely involved, this fact is apparent, and admits of no denial; but they can and they doubtless do, withhold from the public the exact amount of debt they annually throw upon the State. In the brief space of five years we see the cost of maintaining our public works swelled from \$700,000 to over \$2,000,000; and if this species of Democratic progression is to be continued for five years more, it will require the sale of the works, and exhaust all the proceeds, to pay the debt incurred in merely keeping them up.

This condition of affairs has been bro't about by the most unbounded profligacy and corruption. For years our public improvements have been made a mere rendezvous for the pampered pensioners of the Democratic party, and the means of fostering the most extensive and high-handed villany. So notorious have the officers of our public works become for dishonesty, that an honest man scarcely aspires to a position connected with them; or if he does accept one, it costs him whatever reputation for integrity he may have acquired. They are prostituted to a vast political power and private fortunes of those controlling them. They have been destroyed as a source of revenue, because the private interests of officer and their friends have to be advanced at whatever cost to the Commonwealth. And yet year after year, with this festering corruption as clear as noon-day, the people of the State have, thro' the force of party drill, sanctioned it with their votes. Approach a liberal member of the opposition party, who is familiar with the management of our improvements, and he will tell you that it has corrupted the whole body politic as far as its influence extends, and those who cannot breathe the contamination either silently or approvingly, must fall beneath the merciless proscription of official power.

Such has been the history of our public works, and nothing but a thorough revolution of the system can result in substantial good. We have tried reform, but as often as one abuse has been corrected, a wider and bolder channel of corruption has been opened. We have tried legislation to close the countless avenues of fraud which lead from our improvements to the treasury, but every effort has been crippled by the controlling influence of State patronage. We have appealed to the people to crush the whole system of robbery by which they have to suffer, but party discipline has been too potent for the cause of truth. We have tried to sell them, and the people manfully seconded the effort by an immense popular majority; but Democracy could not

secure the patronage and the power they afforded, and the plainly-expressed will of the people was insolently disregarded. At last hopes were entertained that we were to be relieved of this blistering stain upon our character, and this destroying canker preying upon our vitals. A company, composed of a number of the most wealthy and enterprising gentlemen in the State, offered to lease our public works for a term of years, and pay, I believe, a million annually for the use of them. This proposition, by which the State would have been the gainer of the whole amount tendered, it was hoped by all disinterested persons would be accepted. But again Democracy interposed—it was not yet glutted with official plunder. The offer was rejected, and Democracy continued its career of profligacy.

But by whom was the offer made?—Among the gentlemen composing the company were several ex-Canal Commissioners, under whose management of the improvements the State realized little or nothing. As public officers they could bring no revenue to the State; but as individuals, with the same resources, they could calculate a liberal profit to themselves, and then offered a million of dollars annually for the lease. Why was it that such a strange discrepancy existed between the proceeds of the public works under their direction, and the offer of the very men who controlled them? Can it be explained in any other way than that this sum is annually squandered by our agents? I have considered this matter carefully, and I must charge it upon the Democratic party, that the men they keep in power are swindling the Commonwealth out of a million of dollars annually!—If I am wrong I shall be glad to make the correction, but a general denial will not suffice. For years this corruption has been concealed by the candid of all parties, and if explanation is possible, it is high time it was furnished. I have shown how the expenses of our public work have been more than trebled in five years, and that a fair exhibit of any current year has not been presented to the people of the State in that time, and if this conduct is defensible, I beg the Democratic party to let us have the defence.

And what a spectacle does this present! To see our noble old Commonwealth dragged to the very verge of bankruptcy by the habitual villany of her agents, and the people still following the behests of party blindly to sustain it. The general system of transacting business on our public works would make a man in private enterprise despised in any community, and our courts would seize him as a felon. He would be dreaded as if his very touch was contamination, and until his operations could be confined to the walls of some hospitable prison, public justice would not be satisfied. But he is an agent of the State forsooth!—he deals bountifully, and shares his plunder liberally with his accomplices, and public opinion seems to have grown strangely indifferent to this species of robbery. And how long will the people of the State, by whose hard-earned taxes this profligacy is supported, stand idly by and permit it to run its high handed career? Is there no remedy for this official villany? I answer that there is but one hope of substantial reform, AND THAT IS THE UNCONDITIONAL SALE OF THE WORKS! And until this is effected, the indications are that the same fatal abuses which are now practiced, for years, will be practiced still. I grant that we cannot realize the cost of their construction—that we must lose heavily in the sale; but we can reduce our State debt nearly one-half, and destroy the great cause of its increase, without reducing our revenue. Why, then, will we madly persist in retaining them in the possession of the State, merely to fill the coffers of our agents and their accomplices, and to be used as a vast machine to crush the honest sentiments of the people? Why will we go on recklessly and spend millions to improve and perfect them, when the experiment thus far has been worse than a failure? Look at the Alleghenies!—they are studded with the favorites of the dominant party; and with our treasury just replenished with borrowed capital, contracts have been awarded with the most shameful disregard of fairness, and thousands of dollars have been heedlessly expended in the enterprise. Thus we are not only plundered of the resources of our present improvements, but we are plundered again to extend them, and make the field still wider for official favoritism and fraud. And where is the chapter to end? Are we to go on year after year, still increasing our annual appropriations, still adding to our debt, and crippling still more the prosperity and progress of our State? If not, when is revolution to begin? Should it begin now, or are there still fresh swarms of corruptors, whose thirst for plunder is yet to be satisfied? We have, again and again, been driven to the very verge of bankruptcy in our financial operations; and if our improvements are still held by the State, and if millions are yet to be expended on them, in what a midnight of financial despair must a revolution land us?

I appeal to every candid citizen, whether this question should not rise above party considerations. Gentlemen of the Opposition! remember that it is under your sanction that those habitual frauds are practiced. It is by your votes that

this infidelity in our public agents is approved and perpetuated. It is by your indifference that reform has been crushed again and again under the stroke of official power. And what honest man does not blush with shame, when he reflects that he has been to an extent instrumental in sustaining this reckless villany, where fidelity and integrity are so imperatively demanded?

But shall the Public Works be sold? I need not ask whether the people will favor the measure, for they have already spoken in terms of decided approbation. But will the Democracy still openly disregard their wishes? They have done so thus far, and with impunity; and as long as they have the patronage and the plunder in their hands they will continue to do so in spite of all the efforts of the people. They have shown an utter contempt for the petitions, of our taxpayers—they seem to care nothing for the crushing burdens they impose upon them, if they can only be permitted to squander our revenue, and increase our debt. But, fellow citizens, can you follow the Democratic party in its defiance of the popular will? Look at its professions—it claims to be governed by the will of the people, and yet it plants itself above their verdict, and is deaf to their supplications for relief.—Its very name is a falsehood—a bold, insolent, defiant falsehood—for it cloaks the mildest antagonism to its profession!

That an intelligent and sovereign people should thus kneel at the shrine of party, where their dearest interests are perfidiously betrayed, is the most humiliating feature our system of government is capable of presenting. And if it is persevered in, the reign of a Russian autocrat could not be more subversive of the general good. Citizens of Pennsylvania!—you who have been bowed down by an imbecile and profligate government; you who have been robbed to give scope to official corruption; you who have been involved in an almost hopeless debt mainly by the treachery of your rulers—is not the time for action now at hand? Will you still groan under misrule and a deliberate system of villany, or are you prepared to assert your majesty, to vindicate your honor, and to restore purity and integrity in our government? Will you still bow to the slavish mandates of a prostituted Democracy, and let it riot in the fruits of your honest toil, or will you burst the shackles of party to secure your own and your country's good? If you are prepared for this, strike boldly for the unconditional sale of the public works! Let this issue be successful—I care not by whom or by what party—and our good old Commonwealth, which for more than a quarter of a century has been crippled in every element of her gigantic strength will rise regenerated and disenthralled, to take the high and commanding position among the States of the Union to which her natural resources and her honest industry entitle her. Strike now—strike in your might for this reform, and parties must bow submissively to your will.

Fellow citizens, I am not here to beg your votes. I care nothing for whatever personal interest I may have involved in this contest. I have a house and a vocation to me than any official position you could assign me. But being the youngest candidate ever presented to the people for a State office and having been placed in that position by the voluntary action of the Whig party, I shall not stop to inquire whether victory or defeat is to reward my efforts. While the old Whig flag waves over me I shall follow its fortunes through the din and smoke of every battle, and call upon the young Whigs to join their fathers in sustaining our noble cause. I can grant no respite to Pennsylvania Democracy while it is oozing corruption from every pore, and while our Commonwealth is the victim of its frauds. Though disaster may again and again confront me, I must ever answer as did the brave leader of the Old Guard at Waterloo—"The Guard dies—it never surrenders!"

Hay continues high in the Boston market—\$1 10 to \$1 15 per hundred for old, and \$1 to \$1 10 for new.

A MAN OF NERVE.—Mr. Carey H. Boatright was married last Sunday to Mrs. Lucinda Ward, both of this city.—This is only the tenth time that Mr. B. has taken a "rib." He is decidedly a man of connubial tastes, wedded to the joys of domestic life rather than the cheerless aspect of widowhood. He is actually afraid to slap a child in the street for fear it is his own. No wonder the population of Indianapolis is increasing so rapidly.—Indianapolis Journal.

Messrs. Miller and Griswold, at Rock River, Illinois, on the 17th inst., shot 285 pigeons in four hours.

Wm. Holborn, Sr., has been arrested at Hannibal, Mo., charged with killing his own son.

Macaulay, it is said, will not have the third volume of his History of England ready for publication before the fall of the year 1854.

Old Squire B.—was elected Judge of the inferior Court of some county in Georgia. When he went home his delighted wife exclaimed—"Now my dear, you are Judge, what am I?" "The same darned fool you allers was," was the tart reply.